## The Cerrillos Rustler.

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CEERILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO.

## CLORINDY'S STORY.

How It Really Came to an End at Last.

"You'll see' em up there on the bridge in about ten minutes," said Mrs. Hannah Stetson, rocking slowly back and forth in her little yellow rocker, as ahe laid down her knitting a moment to shade her eyes while looking in that direc-"I've got so in the habit o' watchin' for 'em that I find myself sort o' worryin' when they don't appear, an' calc'latin that Clorindy must be sick or somethin'. I don't worry much about Jabe, though; trust him to be tough enough for a whole regiment. But, then, I don't s'pose they've missed meetin' up there in summer more'n a dozen times the past four years; an' they keep it up pretty late in the fall, too. If you'll believe me, I've seen 'em up there in the winter with the snow on the ground, an' the wind blowin' Clorindy's clothes all around her while she stood there 's quiet an' meek as a lamb. You might liken Jabe to the shearer. There they be!" and Mrs. Stetson stepped to the end of the porch. followed by her friend and visitor, Miss Elvira Woodhouse, who, being of a romantic turn of mind, although somewhat seared and withered by time, took a lively interest in the matter.

'Poor dear?" continued Mrs. Stetson, after gazing mournfully at the couple for a moment, and shaking her head slowly as she resumed her seat; "an that's all she's got, after waitin' more'n four years for that great fool of a Jabe Hutchins; a piece o' bare rock to see him on, an' not the least chance o' his ever marryin' her-or rather her ever marryin' him."

Miss Elvira coughed slightly, and gave a little sigh.

"But there," said Mrs. Stetson, "I promised to tell you all about it, Elviry, from the very beginnin'; and here I'm commencin' at the very endin', as you might say. But it's all owin' to my not bein' able to bring my mind to bear on your bein' a stranger in these parts. It seems sort o' queer to think anybody's livin' an' not knowin Clorindy's story. I'll just turn my chair round so's not to see Jabe Hutchins. He kind o' riles me up so.'

"Clorindy ain't much to look at now; but if you could have seen her as I used to, with her cheeks as red as roses, an' her blue eyes bright an' shinin', you'd never forget it, but kind o' still put the red cheeks in the place of her pale ones, an' the shinin' eyes in the place of her sad ones, just as I do. Clorindy ain't but twenty-eight now, an' of course that ain't old. If she'd married she'd have been called a young woman now, but as long as she didn't she seems like sort of an old maid, an' yet not exactly like one, neither, as she says she still expects to marry

Jabe. followers from the time she was seventeen or thereabouts, an' we used to calc'late among ourselves that she'd take first this one, an' then that one; partic'larly Hiram Scott's son, who was the likeliest young man around, an' just ready to eat Clorindy up with his eyes when she sung in the choir. But she let 'em all go, one after another, an' just when we was gettin' all pretty discouraged at the way she was think how she must love him! She look. I knew what it meant; so, 's goin' on, she appeared at meetin' on a Sunday mornin' with Jabe Hutchins. Clorindy looked so happy an' Jabe set so like a bump on a log at her side, that we all knew what it meant. My, wa'n't we surprised!" Mrs. Stetson dropped her work in her lap while she looked absently at the distant hills,

"But that was four years ago," she continued. "We all crowded round her after meetin' was over to try an' say somethin' pleasant on her account an' her mother's. But 'twas awful hard work. Not but what everybody liked Jabe: I don't s'pose he had an enemy in the world, except himself; an' that was just the trouble. You liked him because you couldn't help yourself, considerin' his sweetness o' disposition, an' also 'cause it wa'n't worth while doin' anything else. Although I was feelin' like death, I couldn't help smilin' to myself for the life o' me to hear all those people sayin' the same

and seemed to see the bright young

face in the pew at church.

too, as if they felt they wa'n't quite doin' their duty by her." Mrs. Stetson laughed gently, and then, after shooing the hens off the porch with her apron, and inquiring auxiously of her friend if she was "pufickly comfortable," resumed her discourse. "Well, guess we didn't any of us do

thing to Clorindy-'Jabe's awful good-

natured, anyhow,' in the perlitest man-

ner possible, an' yet sort o' helpless,

very much talkin' the next few weeks except about Clorindy an' Jabe. We kep' at that stiddy."

"There, they're a-settin' down now,"

interrupted Miss Elvira, "an' he's takin' her hand." Yes, I dare say; 1 know all their

motions," said Mrs. Stetson, dryly, without turning around. "But I've got to hurry up with this story if I expect to finish it before candle-time."

"Clorindy an' Jabe commenced right off to use that ridge as a meetin'-place. Most likely because it was just halfway between their two houses, an' then it always gave a good view of the settin' sun. Dear, dear! how I used to set and watch for 'em every night, just to see Clorindy in her clean, light calico, lookin', as I knew, so fresh an' pretty in the face (although I couldn't see that from this distance), an' Jabe aholdin' himself as straight as could be, an' prouder, too. They always kissed each other when they met, an' then they'd chat for awhile; an' very often they'd hold each other's hand, just as you see 'em do now. Folks might think I'd been kind o' spyin' 'em all these years, but it ain't so; only that I'm a lonely old woman,

Well, nobody a posed they'd be married short of a year, say the next spring, but we did calc'late pretty same thing with her gray. Sman Polnit, 'stead o' waitin' till the next spring. which would have been more thrifty. But the spring an' summer came an' went. Then we said we s'posed she centle in her ways, there was a somesave herself."

Miss Elvira searched her mind wildly for the most plausible reason, and then whispered hoarsely: "Jealousy.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Stetson; "twa'n't nothin' but an old pig-sty and

"Yes," continued the narrator, satis-'twas just that an' nothin' more. It went over to Clorindy's. cems that Clorindy asked Jabe, just after they was engaged, when he was barn, an' fix up the place generally; an' he answers in his easy way: 'Oh, before long; there ain't no hurry.' But he never tetched them. Clorindy didn't say nothin' more about it, but waited almost a year, an' then told him she wa'n't willin' to be married till they was attended to. You see, she knew Jabe just as well an' better'n most folks by that time, an' mistrusted that if they wa'n't fixed before she became his wife, they never would be. They say Jabe's never thought she was onreasonable in the matter; leastwise he's never said so. Still, time went on, an' the pig-sty wa'n't finished, an' the new barn 'stead o' lookin' piney an' fresh, commenced to look gray an' black. (You can see it over there, Elviry, if you'll look sharp; behind that be a somethin' 'to kep' that fellow back from finishin' 'em, an' doin' the other jobs round the farm-dear knows. he's always been shiftless enough. though! Either he couldn't get just the kind o' boards he wanted to finish the pig-sty, or else he couldn't succeed in findin' the right shade o' red to paint that barn with. But when I heerd tell how he'd sold all o' his pigs,

of us can see." Both women wiped their eyes, and there was a silence while they looked at the couple on the ridge.

must find in him somethin' that none

an' then told Clorindy: 'Of course, there

wa'n't any use in havin' a pig-sty when

you hadn't any pigs to put in it,' I

thought I should die a-laughin', al-

though I was just as mad as could be

all the time. There was a lot of other

excuses that I can't rec'lect just this

minute; but Clorindy's never accepted

any of 'em, an' although she's been

just as kind an' gentle to Jabe, an'

"I wish I was near enough to see an hear all that's been goin' on up there," said Miss Elvira.

Two weeks had passed and Mrs. Stetcome pretty soon," she murmured to herself, "I shall just bust. Cats are pretty good company," she continued, as the buff cat rubbed himself vigorously against her, "an' hens are awful knowin', but there comes times when you feel as though you wanted a fellow-creature to talk to. Well, there! if that ain't Elviry now, walkin' as though nothin' hadn't happened!" and hastily swooping hens and cat off the porch, Mrs. Stetson went forward to meet her friend. There was an air of suppressed excitement and determination about her and an intensity of expression as she peered over her glasses, which made all superfluous conversation, such as a greeting, seem out of

Miss Woodhouse's tragic form sank on the first step as she whispered: "Hannah Maria Stetson, who's dead?" "Now, Elviry Woodhouse, if you'll just get up, an' come an' set in this little rocker I've got out for you, I'll tell you about the goin's-on sence you left," was the firm reply. "Somethin's hap-pened that's worth talkin' about.

"I don't wish to seem onkind, Elviry," she continued after they were seated; "for my not askin you how you left the folks don't mean that I haven't got any interest in 'em. If you don't say nothin', I'll understand they're all alive, an' that Uncle Joe's rheumatiz is, as usual, 'middlin'.' But I've been holdin' myself in so, now for two days, waitin' for you, that I must talk about somethin' else. Dear! dear! -an' to think that we was settin' here only two weeks ago to-night, an' watchin' 'em on the ridge, and talkin' about 'em just as though nothin' was

goin' to happen." "Then it's about Clorindy?" suggested Miss Elvira.

"Of course it's about Clorindy an' Jabe, Elvery; didn't I tell you before? "Yes, it's made a good deal o' talk," continued Mrs. Stetson, looking reflectively at the ridge. "I'm wonderin" whether they'll go up there to-night same's ever. But there! I want to tell

you all about it. "It was two mornin's ago that I was settin' out here shellin' peas for dinner goin' to be just like other folks now." an' they made company for me-be- (two quart pickin's from the back lot -Kate Erskine, in Christian Union.

sides, Clorindy reminds me a little of jink"), and my brother Ell rode by on ne, an' stopped to have a little chat about crops an church matters. I s'pose we'd been talkin' 's much as twenty minutes freely on that, an' laid our plans ac-cordin'. For instance, I turned the dy.' (I forgot to tell you, Elviry, that I breadths of my black silk, so's to have hadn't seen her on the ridge the night it in readiness, an' Mis' Fisher did the before, although Jabs waited for her some time; an' I'd been kind o' worrylard bought a new wreath for her bun-nit, 'stead o' waitin' till the next spring. of course I was all alive to know what was the matter. Well, men are cur'us bein's'," and Mrs. Stetson laid down her knitting while she looked absently preferred the cool o' the fall, but that at the old buff cat, who had crept back came and went, too. People then com-menced to talk, an' show more interest with her ball of yarn in the most barean' ask more p'inted questions than faced manner. "There's Eli; you know really they was called on to make. he's deacon, an' can pray in meetin' But Clorindy never answered 'em; an', 'most as well as the minister, an although she was always sweet an' knows the Bible an' the Farmers' Almanac through and through; then, he's thin' about her that kep' people off; got a good head for business, too, and she's been that way ever sence she was | can drive as sharp a bargain down to a little girl. For a wonder, Jabe held the store as anybody; but he couldhis tongue, too. But finally it leaked n't give me the least idee of what was out. I've always suspicioned 'twas the matter with Clorindy. Men don't Clorindy's mother that told it, seein' seem to have any carryin' power in she was most likely to know, an' has their heads about sickness an' such always been such a perfect sieve she things; although I knew Eli'd heard all couldn't keep a secret over night to the particlars from his wife. First, he said she'd got 'chills all over, an' "Well, now, Elviry, what do you | they couldn't get her warm nohow,' an' s'pose 'twas? What do you s'pose has then, the next minute, that she was kep' Clorindy and Jabe apart these four 'burnin' up with fever;' an' he contrayears, an' yet brought 'em nearer to-gether all the time, as it were?"

dieted himself twice, about sore throat.

I tried to pin him down to somethin'. but 'twa'n't no use. Finally, he got all muddled, an' commenced scratchin' his head, an' tryin' to make out he reckoned 'twas the 'measles.' When Eli commences scratchin' his head, you may know there isn't any use talkin' to him any longer; so, 's soon's 1'd done fied with the effect she had produced, shellin' my peas, I put my hat on an

"There lay Clorindy on the bed. loo'rin' so pale and sick, just as if she goin' to finish that pig-sty, paint his | was all tuckered out, an' wa'n't never goin' to get up again. Her mother set at her side with a camphire bottle it one hand an' a vinegar bottle in the other; which she was applyin' to Clorindy's nose promise'ous. I declare, it just went to my heart to see her a doin' that, an' not a smell o' boneset ten in the house, when anybody who knows the least about sickness knows boneset's the thing to give, no matter what's the trouble." Here Mrs. Stetson twitched the stocking and then ing fast!" looked pityingly at it, as though she had Clorindy's mother before her. didn't say nothin', but I'd taken the precaution to bring a small basket of medicines with me, an' I can tell you. it didn't take me long to whip out that boneset an' go into the kitchen an' make a good, strong cup o' tea which elum tree.) There always seemed to I give to Clorindy immediate. Then I set down and inquired what was the matter.

"Well, it does take you to know how to do things," said Miss Elvira, admir-

ingly. "I do calc'late to know somethin' about sickness," answered Mrs. Stetson, placidly. "Clorindy's mother said the best she could express it was to say that Clorindy seemed to go all to pieces the mornin' before. Those were her very words, 'all to pieces.' So she just kep' her bed; but when it came time to go to meet Jabe, as usual, abo tried to struggle up, an' seemed awful disappointed when she found she was so weak she couldn't stir. So she turned her face toward the west window, an' lay there with that wistful firm an' kep' to her word, she been expression on her face she's had so much lately. She was lyin' there just clung to him the same as though he the same when I first see her but she was a man to be leaned on. But it's turned her eyes on me once when I enwore on her dreadful. Oh, Elviry! just tered with such a longin', questionin' soon's I had a chance. I drew her mother into the closet, an' says: 'Hasn't he been here?' An' she only shook her head and swallowed hard.

"Well, we did everything we could for Clorindy. I don't know's we left a single stone upturned, workin' over her all the time. We tried a-sweatin' her. an' soakin' her feet in mustard water, son stood on her front porch looking an sold of other things; but nothin anxiously up the road. "If Elviry don't seemed to do any good. I think she seemed to do any good. I think she grew weaker, if anythin', an' finally begged to be just let alone. So we tidied her up, an' fixed her as comfortable as we could, propped up on pillows, so's she could catch a glimpse o' the ridge when the wind blew the branches apart. Then her mother an' me set still, for there wa'nt nothin' more to do.

"So the time went by; but when it came toward sunset, we both noticed how big her eyes were growin', an' now an' then a tear'd run down her cheek. I was watchin' her pretty close, thinkin' any moment she might faint away, when I seen her lean forward a little, an' the nex' thing I knew, Jabe had bust into the room awavin' a paint-brush, an' callin' out; 'Oh, Clorindy! the pig-sty's all finished, an' the barn's painted a beautiful red. His clothes was all covered with paint but he went right down side o' the bed, an' put his arms clean round Clorindy, an' they both cried like two children. Then he sat an' held her hand while he told us how he'd been workin' more stiddy on 'em lately, an' that when he heard Clorindy was sick, he made up his mind he wouldn't look her in the face till they was both finished, an' the other jobs about the place. An' he'd only finished the barn just that minute. Then he says: 'Clorindy, when 'll you marry me?' An' she says: 'To-morrow, Jabe.' Then he kissed her an' went away.

"Her mother' an' me never sus picioned she'd be able to even get up short of a week, but her strength emed to come back all of a suddent. "They was married this afternoon at

the minister's house; an' Clorindy's mother said her cheeks looked 's pink as when she was a young girl." "There they be now!" suddenly ex-claimed Miss Elvira.

Hand in hand, Clorindy and Jabe stood on the narrow ridge watching the setting sun, and as the last rave faded away in the distance, the man stooped and reverently kissed the

woman by his side. "I can't seem to sense it," said Mrs. Stetson, softly, "that Clorindy's story 's really come to un end au' that she's

A RACE BY TELEGRAPH.

pair of Peci-Room Speents Racked Benzina. Tic-tic-tic-tic-tic-tic.

"They're off at Latonia," the oper ator cries, and the bettors' hearts stand Which horse will it be?

place where this race is "on tap." there by the aid of the telegraph and an expressive oratorical shouter can almost imagine himself at the track, away down in Kentucky, many

bundreds of miles away.

Tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-"They're all together!" The silence is oppressive; yet, all ears are strained for fear some news will be missed. There goes the Morse again!

Tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-How ominous the sound and how auxious are the ears that await its translation. "Henzine in the lead!" Tie-tie-tie. "Belshazzar second!" tie. "Falmouth third!"

A low murmur of approval breaks the silence, for Benzine is the favorite, leave of absence and rode away on a and of course carries the most money. With faces pale as death and heating hearts the spectators gaze anxiously at the name of their horse, as if they could see the race on the blackboard.

But listen! Tic-tic-tic-tic-tic-tic-tic. "Belshazzar at the quarter!" A curse, a groun. Benzine second! Fairmouth third!"

A growl goes up. Scowls appear upon the faces of the disgusted spectators, for if Benzine is beaten at the quarter, where will he be at the lastwhere, indeed.

It is a miscellaneous crowd that awaits the outcome of this race, and mostly a seedy looking set, which goes to show that the "bookies" get most of the "pie." A few, however, mostly professionals. "sport silk diamonds," as the saying goes.

As an illustration of what a big significance this race means to some, here stands a young man who has bet his entire week's salary on the favorite,

What will his landtady do? Where will his laundry woman come in? Worst of all, what will his girl think when he fails to appear with the promised theater tickets?

Tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-"Same at the half;-Falmouth com

With Belshazzar in the lead and Falmouth moving up, Benzine's chances for winning are not so fair; yet the lookers-on still hope. They will not despair until it is entirely over.

Tie-tie-tie-tie-tie. "Falmouth at the three-quarters!" Tie-tie-tie-"Belshazzar second! Tic-tie-"Henzine third!"

The crowd still gaze at the name of their horse, but it's a sickly hopeless sort of a gaze, all looks of animation or expectation having left their faces. But-"Wait! "

Tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-"Falmouth in the stretch!" Tic-tictie-"Jessie G. second!" Tic-tic-"Bel-

shazzar, third!" All hope is gone. The crowd have turned away and their faces plainly show their disgust and chagrin.

The young man whose reputation and next week's livelihood depend upon Benzine concludes that he is tired and takes a chair.

so that it came untied, took the bonnet There's not a "tout" in sight, for they by the rim, gave a little jerk and have given the "tip"-Benzine-as one lifted the bonnet off. I mounted the man, and so feeling that if it isn't death, it will certainly cause some harm to the German.

stay-they vanish. Tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-tie-

'Benzine wins!' "What's that?"

goes up- "Saved!

Who cares for the horse that gets the place? Has not Benzine won the race? "Hurrah! Hooray!"-N. Y. World.

## A DESPERATE RACE

The Ludicrous Outcome of an English

It is said that no man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting as the earl of Oxford. Among his experiments of fancy was the determination to drive four red deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had To make a simple souffle with milk or reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the a teaspoonful of sait and an even tableroad. Unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears rice, or arrowroot-whichever you were saluted with the cry of a pack of prefer. Add to the volks the whites, hounds, which soon after crossing the which must be beaten very dry and road in the rear, caught sight of the stiff. Be careful to fold them in -in "four in hand" and commenced a new motions from side to side instead kind of chase, with "breast-high" alse- circular stirring motion. Beat in saif

The novelty of the scene was rich be- dish of tin or silver ready. It should yond description. In vain did his lord- be heated on top of the stove until it is ship exert his charioteering skill-in as hot as it can be without browning vain did his well-trained grooms ener- the butter. Turn the souffle into it the getically endeavor to ride before them; instant it is made. Set it in the oven to reins, trammels and the weight of the bake. It will take at least ten minutes. carriage were of no effect, for they Just before removing it from the over went with the celerity of a whiriwind: | shake a little sugar over it and serve and this modern Phaeton, in the midst it the moment it is done, in the dish in of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid which it is baked. To make a peach fair to experience the fate of his name- souffle, pare six ripe peaches of medium sake. Luckily, however, his lordship size. Crack two of the pits for the had been accustomed to drive this set kernels, blanch these kernels and cut of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the inn at them into strips. Put a tablespoonful Newmarket, which was most happily of sugar to each peach. Stir this mixat hand, and to this his lordship's most ture over the fire until the fruit is refervent prayers and ejaculations had duced to a jam. Mix it with the been ardently directed. Into the yard quantity of souffle given, and bake it and stable boys, who seemed to have small it is well to add the whites of one lost every faculty upon the occasion. or two more.-N. Y. Tribune. Here they were luckily overpowered and the stags, the phaeton and his lordship were all instantaneously hud-dled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate. -N. Y. Ledger.

-A Bad Investment. - Willkins "Life insurance isn't always a good investment." Billkins-"No, not always." Willkins-"Once I took out a policy on my father's life. And-" Billkins-"And how long did the old gentleman live?" Willkins-"Hang it, he lived twice as long as the insurance company."-Yankee Blade.

-Jumbles.-One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, onehalf cupful of milk or cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix stiff; roll out, sprinkle with sugar, and cut in shapes -Good Housekeeping. spolis Journal

A LADY'S GREEN BONNET.

he was on the point of leaving the

advice. The most urgent remonstrances

of Gen. Gueiseman and Dr. Voizke, of

from fulfilling his intention. The reso-

from a distance to him:

mighty voice.

broad brim.

foam-covered horse

"Sir Field Marshal! Where are you?

very earnestly, as he handed over a

lady's neat bonnet of green silk with a

"A lady's bonnet!" cried Blucher.

"I saw this afternoon, not far off,

at a country house which we were pass-

ing, a lady with a green bonnet, and

when you said that you must have a

shade for your eyes I at once thought

of the green bonnet and rode to the

house, cursed and knocked at the door

until they opened it. No one lived there

but women, and they cried and lament-

ed when they saw me. Well, I told

them I would not hurt them, that I

only wanted the green bonnet, and

while the women were screaming a

door opened and the lady to whom the

house belongs came in. She still had

her bonnet on. Well, I went up to her,

made a bow, scraped my feet and said:

'Madam, please be good enough to give

me your green bonnet, for my field

"Did tney understand your good

Mecklenburg German?" asked Blucher,

"No, she didn't understand me, but,

"Very simply, excellency. I went up

to her, pulled the bow under her chin

SOUFFLES IN VARIETY.

slowly like a meringue in order to be a

seccess; while the same dish with a lit-

does not require so much care in baking

and does not fall as easily after baking.

spoonful of flour, corn starch, ground

"Why did Miss Antique leave the ho-

"She was insulted. Somebody asked

-How to Better Himself -Junior

Partner-"Look here, old man, I

haven't made any salt out of this con-

cern during the past year, and some-

thing has got to be done." Second

do-withdraw from the firm and go

out as one of our traveling salesmen.

Clothier and Furnisher.

her if Noah was a pretty baby."-Jury.

your excellency, I made myself under-

smilingly, stroking his mustache.

marshal has sore eyes.""

"How did you do it?"

stood to her."

"Well, what shall I do with it?"

It Was Stolen to Protect Marchal Blucker's -Mutton -Take leg of mutton, cover During the campaign in France of the allied forces of Europe to break the first Napoleon's power, Field Marshal with cold water, salt, pepper, boil two or three hours uncovered. Put in a skillet, dredge well with flour, cover with small pieces of butter. Baste Blucher was attacked by a severe dis-ease of his eyes, which hindered him every few moments. Bake half hour. -Detroit Free Press. from taking his accustomed part in his A pool-room in New York city is the

army's movements. While in Chalons -Fig Cake.-One cup augur, scant half cup butter beaten together, half cup sweet milk, two cups flour and two army to go to Brussels to seek a doctor's teaspoonfuls baking powder. Add whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put layer of cake in a tin, slice the general's staff, served to keep him in the figs, then another layer of cake, lution of the confederate monarchs to more tigs, finishing with cake, and bake. Frost the top and place the figs out in hits upon the frosting.-Orange break off negotiations with Napoleon and advance on Paris also influenced him to stay with his army. Judd Farmer.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

It happened that while in the neigh--Oyster Pie.-One cup flour, heapborhood of Paris, where, from his ing, one saltspoon salt, one teaspoon coach, he commanded the movements baking powder, one tablespoon butter, melted, one-half cup milk. Mix salt of his army, a gust of wind tore the and baking-powder with the flour. Pat shade from his forehead. When he saw this accident his faithful servant, the melted butter with the milk, and Christian Henneman, begged a short stir them into the flour, mixing as soft as can be handled. Roll out to fit the full gallop. He was generally called top of the dish. Fill a deep pudding-"Pipemeister" because he kept Bluchdish with oysters, dredge each layer with flour, sait, pepper and butter. Cover with the crust, leave an air-hole er's clay pipes in order. Blucker looked after him enviously as he rode off, and also ordered a horse to ride to Mont- in the center and bake quickly .- Bosmartre to oversee in person the eighty ton Budget. -Only the best and largest oysters

cannons being put in position, with which he planned to bombard Paris the should be chosen for frying. Dip them, next morning if the French marshals, one by one, in flour, then in beaten egg. McDonald and Marmont, lingered any season with salt and the merest dash of longer in surrendering the capital, cayenne, dip again in powdered butter-While he was still there a voice called cracker and fry them in boiling hot fat, deep enough to float a doughnut. Turn them in frying and cook them in all "Here I am," thundered Blucher's for four minutes. Drain them thoroughly, lay them for a moment on "And here am I!" called out Christian course brown paper to absorb any fat Henneman, galloping along on the that may cling to them, and serve them at once in a folded napkin on a hot dish "Pipemeister, 'tis you?" said Blucher, accompanied by quarters of lemon and in an astonished tone. "What do you want? Where did you stay so long." wafer-like slices of brown bread, daintily buttered .- N. Y. Tribune. "I just went for a shade for your eyes, and here it is," said Christian,

-Cheese Fingers -A quarter of a pound of puff paste, a pinch of salt, two ounces of Parmesan cheese, a teaspoonful of cavenne; take a quarter of a pound of puff paste, and roll it out thin; then take two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, half a teaspoonful of cayenne and a pinch of salt; mix these, and strew the cheese over half the paste, turn the other over it and cut with a sharp knife an inch wide and any length you like; bake in a quick oven, and serve them quite hot, shaking a little grated cheese over them; no cheese will answer except Parmesan; the fingers must be piled in a dish, crossing each other at right angles. -Boston Herald.

-Baked Bean Soup.-This mexpensive soup is very nice if made right. Get nice white beans and soak one-half pint in water over night. Drain them in the morning and add three quarts of bolling water; let them simmer in a moderate oven for five hours; when the beans are soft rub them through a sieve and add one tablespoonful of taploca that you have previously had soaking in water. If the soup is not of the proper consistency add boiling water to make it right. Salt and pepper should be added to suit the taste. Cook half an hour after adding seasoning and just before removing from the stove stir in one cupful of nice sweet cream, then serve at once. - Prairie Farmer.

HOW TO FIT A WAIST.

horse with my bonnet and here I am. This is the shade for your eyes."-From | Some Points of Interest to Amateur Dressmakers.

"I don't see," a skillful amateur dressmaker said, "why it is that people have such a time getting their dress waists They turn, they stare—then a shout Directions For Preparing a Palatab's to fit. Seems to me that the most that's needed is a fairly accurate eye Souffles" are dishes for which each a little bit of common sense. I went to cook seems to have an individual rule. a professional not long ago-at least Some make them wholly of eggs with she called herself so-and when she flavoring and sweetening; others add tried on my waist that she had measmilk and more or less thickening, and ured me for some time before, it was this gives a rather more tender souffle absolutely painful to see the way she than one made entirely of eggs. A pinched and pulled and bothered to get souffle of eggs requires the greatest some sort of a set to it. My old dresscare in the oven, and must rise very maker gave me a few hints when she went out of business, and they have been of great value to me ever since. tle milk added, and some thickening, She told me never to begin at the shoulders to fit a waist, but to see first that the darts were right, then make the waist sufficiently tight to stay in place; cream, beat the yo'ks of three eggs with put three or four pins in, so that it could not slip about, then carefully stroke the sides of the waist from the bodice up to the shoulders, one hand in front and one hand at the back. Smooth out every wrinkle, having first ripped the shoulder seams, and fasten them lightly with a couple of pins. When the fullness is smoothed up to the a cup of cream. Have a buttered souffle shoulder seams, pin them carefully in place. Then baste with the utmost exactness. This line can be followed by sewing a thread through from side to side, then clipping it in the middle.

The ends will be a safe guide to sew by. "After the shoulders are finished, curve in the front a little, if the figure permits, and almost every tigure is improved by it, but take care that there is not a bunchiness left just over the bust. Let the curves be very slight for slight figures; of course, plump persons

will need much more. "There is another thing about making waists that very few people seem thoroughly to understand. I've had dresses sent home from so-called firstclass dressmakers with straight facings they bounded, to the dismay of hostiers rather slowly. In case the eggs are around the edges of the basque under neath. This is a very serious mistake, as the outside and facing are sure to draw in contrary directions and allow the edges of the basque to wrinkle. Facings should be exactly on the bias, and should be put on so that there will be no drawing or straining in either direction, otherwise the smoothness of the edge of the garment is entirely

> "I wonder that some competent person does not go out into suburban dis tricts and open classes for instructing girls in the principle of dressmaking Partner-"I tell you what you might Seems to me such a business might b very remunerative to the teacher, and afford great satisfaction to the pu Many girls would really like to look -Oldun-"Remember, my son, to well, and have their dresses stylish and always keep your expenses within your pretty, if they knew how; but they income." Youngun—"Got a better rely mainly on the dresses they see on plan than that. I propose bringing my outsiders and such fashion publication as chances to fall into their hands."income up to my expenses."-Indian-N. Y. Ledger.

destroyed.